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The Piano Keys



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikeshannah (I'm back!)

As I play the piano keys, I realize that they are made of bones.

I continue to play feverishly, for the sound my fingernails on the hollow bones is pleasant.

My brother looms over me, listening to me play.

I finish my song, but he slaps me, so I play continue to play.

The bones crack and crumble, but I must continue to play, or my brother will be displeased.

I play until my fingers bleed. As blood splatters the keys, I realize the bones are of my family. My brother has killed our family. I turn around slowly and he is behind me with a knife.

"Why did you stop playing?" he asks.

He grins, his yellow teeth glowing, before he speaks again.

"I could use a new piano."

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[Chapter 2 by lightningstrikeshannah](#)

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[I throw the piano toward him](#)

He shouts and the knife goes flying.

I run after it and pick it up, and run out the door, as far away as I can.

My hands ache as the blisters pop and the blood flows. I have to have it checked soon.

I head up to my room to grab my cellphone, when I hear footsteps.

He couldn't stay under the piano forever.

I opened the window, and sat on the sill facing the outside world where everyone, even the sky, was still asleep.

Then, I heard a large thud coming from behind the door. Then, the doorbell rattled and there were bangs on the door.

"Oh, my wonderful sibling. BANG THUD STOMP. Open this door, so you can make pretty music again".

I look back once before looking at the impending sunrise.

I know Old Man Zack always headed out to the farms at the break of dawn. He always brought his cargo with him. And he always stopped in front of our house with his carriage.

Confident with this, I let go of the window sill, and jump.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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A new piano is made

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